

MY VACATION
September 4, 2011

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No, not the vacation you might think, but a more important one still to come.

Finishing up here at the monastery and will be on our way home. Like all mandalas, the mandala created from this 10-day intensive is breaking up as various folks pack up and head back to their homes. I have to remind myself that, like the great sand mandalas the Tibetans make, the 'mandala' created in this intensive is not like the colored sand, which is swept up and poured into a river, but rather all the devotion and effort to make the sand mandala to begin with. That is the mandala, the offering itself... and here at the monastery that has been made.

A little poem that came up yesterday:

MY VACATION

Senseless...

Eviction,
Without Notice.

Snatched away.
Gone,
And everything left,
Just as it is.

I know,
What I will leave behind,
But not what,
I will take with me.

I need to know that.

Michael Erlewine
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